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The Liberalist

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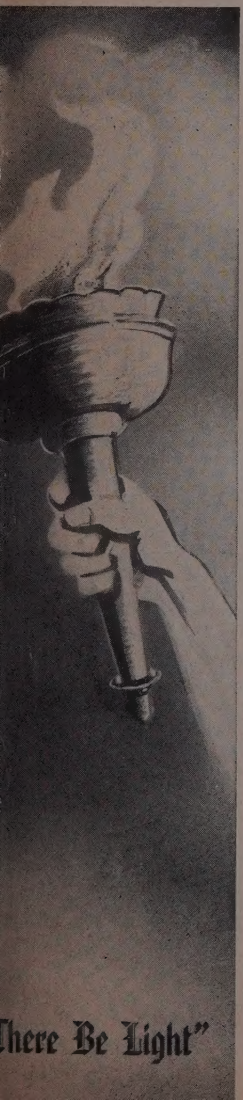


The Errand Imperious

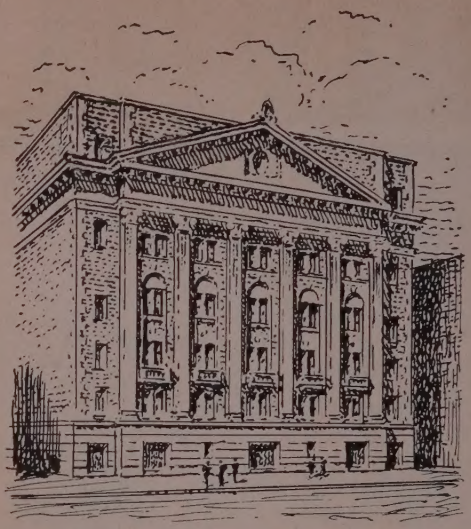
But hearken, my America, my own,
Great Mother with the hill flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,
That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream;
To strike down Mammon and his brazen breed;
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam—
Yours, mighty one, to shape the mighty deed.

The armed heavens lean down to hear your fame,
America! Rise to your high-born part!
The thunders of the sea are in your name,
The splendors of the sunrise in your heart.

EDWIN MARKHAM

(From "The New Patriotism" compiled by Clark and Gillespie)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XIX **JULY, 1942** *Number 4*

RE-CREATION

WHEN YOU are reading these words, it will be the first of July, but I am writing them in mid-June. In this unpredictable world it is hazardous to attempt any prophecy. In one hour's time important and enduring changes can come to this earth. I am more interested at the moment in the necessary equipment for meeting victoriously whatever challenges and changes might arise than I am in stating specifically what I think those changes might be.

The summer is upon us. It has been a tradition in this country that July and August are vacation months. Almost our entire population always made some plans, dependent upon means and opportunity, for a vacation period. Today we are at war. The inevitable and necessary restrictions and regulations are upon us. Many people will find it necessary to plan something entirely different than they have in the past.

I believe in vacations. I like the word "recreation" better than "vacation," for the result is re-creative. I believe in vacations even in wartime and our President has said virtually the same thing. There ought to be a place in every person's schedule whereby there can be an opportunity for recreational activities. Rather than impair, it would increase production.

The opportunities for recreational activity are much more universal and much nearer than most persons realize. Even though one may not journey to distant scenes, or take long automobile trips, one can have a delightful and constructive vacation and remain in one's usual environment. It is all a matter of planning and adaptation. But some sort of relaxation is, from every point of view, necessary to the individual.

Now is the time for every person to utilize every opportunity for the cultivation of those influences which make for strength and poise and character. No matter where you are—in the heart of the city or on an open prairie—there is always the sky above you, and all of us need the sky. I hope every reader, friend, member and radio listener of our church will have an opportunity to experience the healing touch often during these summer days.

P. B.

WHAT EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN SHOULD BE DOING NOW TO HELP WIN THE WAR

The statement itself predicates that there is something which every American citizen should do, as indeed there is. The first thing would be, from my point of view, for each individual citizen to examine himself carefully and exhaustively. He should turn the searchlight of research upon himself, and through this examination of mind and heart and body and soul and the whole personality, then decide where he, with his capacities and limitations could be of the most service, and then exhaust every opportunity for making that contribution.

We cannot all do the same kind of work and we do not all have equal faculties for assisting, but we do all have something which is necessary to the fulfillment of the ideal of our nation and of all decent people throughout the world. There is a place for every person and "every person in his place" should be the effort of us all. The wise person does this in peacetime and, in this particular, wartime is no different from the time of peace.

Each of us differs in most characteristics and faculties, but from the richest to the poorest, from the best educated to the most illiterate there is a responsibility upon each of us. This responsibility can be expressed in a wide variety of ways. Any organization or institution which assists each of us to find our most effective place in the needs and demands of the nation is performing one of the finest services conceivable.

We are all facing a common destiny. We are all a part of the same future. Let each of us find our task and stick to it until the daybreak for a better world.

P. B.

THE SUNDAY BROADCASTS

Our readers and radio listeners are having the opportunity every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock of hearing a Sunday morning message by Dr. Bradley. Necessarily these messages were made by transcription. Dr. Bradley made thirteen of them before the church closed, one for each Sunday he will be away. The church and the radio station will be glad to hear from any listener, and expressions of appreciation will be most welcome.

The church expresses to Station WJJD its gratitude for the opportunity which the station gives to the church and Dr. Bradley in these Sunday morning broadcasts.

All communications in regard to the broadcast may be addressed to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

G. T. B.

Proof

By FRED ISENHART

IF I had never seen the blush of dawn,
nor felt the sun's warm fingers on my face;
If I'd not thrilled at scudding clouds, nor
pondered on the mystery of space;
If I'd not known the miracle of earth, and
life, and love,
Then I might doubt that there's a God
above.

MEDITATION

"FROM THE innermost depths of our very souls and the deepest places of our hidden ves we would make articulate in this our pastoral prayer that this nation and these people and all who are a part of this hour in the life of our nation and n civilization itself might be more deeply aware and definitely concerned with the place which each one of us must occupy before we can have the realization of our hopes and dreams of a better world for us all. And on this day which has been set apart throughout the length and breadth of our Republic, while from every pulpit, altar and platform of the nation and in myriads and myriads of villages and towns and cities scattered all over our land men and women will again be hearing from the lips of the speakers and will be having their attention brought with renewed emphasis to the significance of our citizenship, we would express our appreciation for our nation.

We are grateful for this America, more grateful than we can ever say, and may our gratitude not be confined to words but may we speak more eloquently and more effectively in expressing our gratitude by our deeds.

And so we ask that from the highest chief executive of our people to our most humble citizen we may have a new birth of this freedom, that we may see more clearly than we have ever seen before the true significance of this hour, that we may be grateful that we have been placed in the very heart of it and that an opportunity of unprecedented proportions rests upon us, an opportunity which has been denied the people of this country in every previous epoch and year, but it has been given to us. And so may we use this moment as a moment of consecration and dedication that if we have ever faltered in our appreciation of our nation, if we have ever been inclined by comparison to think of some other philosophy of life, or some other nation, or some other outside loyalty, now forgive us our sins. If we have ever done anything which has interfered with the full and complete expression of our citizenship, forgive us our sins of commission, and if we have stood silently by when words and actions were needed and necessary and have remained inactive, and speechless, forgive our sins of omission.

We would ask for that cleansing of mind and heart, and though there have been moments of criticism, moments of antagonisms, moments which have evidenced corruption, and graft, and greed, and selfishness, and everything ignoble, we would ask that those influences be eradicated and that this day be a day of unlimited devotion while all of us of every faith and creed, color and race, dedicate ourselves anew, everything we have, every dollar, all the ease and comfort and security, everything upon the altar, the altar of our nation.

And eternal God of nations and of men, spread Thy protecting mantle over the shoulders of the brave youth of our land, those men who today are on every continent of the globe and on every ocean and sea of this earth, away from everything that was sacred to them, cover them with the protection of Thy Love. And to every family, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, sweethearts and friends, might all of us rise above home, our selfishness, our sense of security and exhaust ourselves in meeting as bravely and heroically our

battle as the brave men are meeting their battle. Help America and all Americans everywhere to have a new birth of freedom.

Send out to our ill and sick the blessings of our love, may they know we are remembering them; give them courage and strength. To all the broken-hearted people and all the weary people, and all the troubled people, may the spirit of this service, as it is picked up and sent out on the wings of the morning, bring healing and strength and love.

God, God, bless this earth. Somehow strike the conscience of evil workers and evil doers. Stab them with Thy Love; let them see the futility, give them a vision of their inevitable end. May our enemies see their own end and may they be awakened so that ere long peace might come. We pray for peace. Amen.

"WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, May 17, 1942.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

"AT NO time in the history of civilization, and certainly that part or segment of civilization which we think of as the early part of the seventeenth century beginning with the year 1620 and continuing until this very hour, at no time during this entire period has it been anything but enviable to be an American.

In the three hundred and more years which have settled down upon this continent, which has now become a nation, the men and women who have composed that nation from the beginning have always been the envy of every other people in the world. One of the things which impressed me constantly in the many visits which I have made to other lands and nations of this earth, has been the fact that when they would become real confidential with me, no matter where I was, no matter what nation I was in, if they were real honest, they would say to me 'You are fortunate to be an American.' I have met people on most all of the continents of this globe and they would say sooner or later, 'I want to go to America; I want to see America; I should like to live in America.' I have never yet visited a country, never, where someone did not say, sooner or later, "You are fortunate in being an American.' So, being an American is an enviable position, and it never was more so than in this hour.

I do not propose in the thought which I have in mind this morning to continue this emphasis on into an enthusiasm which would be the usual and stereotyped kind of contribution that could be understood or thought of as bombast or braggadocio because one happened to be an American. In other words, it is furthest from my mind this morning to merely wave a flag or attempt to get the American Eagle to screech and scream; the hour is too serious and the moment is too important for any amount of sheer, artificially stimulated enthusiasm which might be called a form of decadent patriotism. The thoughtful people whom I know, the fathers and mothers whom I am meeting these days up and down the nation as I am speaking to graduates of schools, high schools and colleges, are not thinking today in

terms of bombastic phraseology, and the youth of the nation are not thinking in terms of the traditional phrases of the Fourth of July oratory of the past. There was a time when we thought of patriotism as something like a chip to be put on our shoulders and then strutted before the world as we said, 'Why, we can whip the world and we can whip it alone!' There was a time when that kind of talk and that kind of appeal in stirring up enthusiasm in people seemed to have its place. We know now that America might not be able to whip the world, and that we never could whip the world alone at anytime, and certainly not now. It is but the sheerest form of wish-thinking for anybody to take that attitude; it is sheer folly; it reveals a paucity of understanding and it certainly evidences a type of illiteracy of world conditions which to the realistic thinker is always primary, and I should like to think with you a little while on this 'I am an American' day along an entirely different line, a line that I think as I proceed may awaken in some of your minds a little different understanding of this being an American today than it has ever meant.

I know what it meant to be an American in the 90's, so did you; some of you knew what it meant to be an American in the elegant 80's, and many of us know what it meant to be an American in the middle 1900's, as most of us of my generation did, but to be an American in 1942, in almost the very heart of the 20th century, is quite something else, for within the passing of these hundred years there has come a unification of civilization due to science, invention, transportation, and all of these things which I need only intimate to you to have you understand exactly what I have in mind. There are no mountains any more; there are no oceans; there are no barriers; for the first time in the history of man this world is one earth . . . for the first time. Unless an individual is able to appreciate the significance of that truth they are going to get such a warped, distorted idea of this age and this hour that they are going to miss the significance of this whole situation. If you are still living in the 90's, in the 80's and in the early 20's you are not living at all, you might just as well have a successful funeral. If we have not kept pace with what is happening in the world and where the world has been going all of these years, this hour is meaningless and I can think of no greater tragedy than that. It must be the most frightful mental experience that an individual can have to look at this world today and everything that is happening in it and feel that everything that is happening is futile, insignificant and will have to be done over again some time or other. That must be insufferable, it must be unutterable agony for the fathers and the mothers to throw the last precious little things, gifts and such, into their sailor son's duffel bag and see him start out into this conflict and for that father and mother to think that that fine boy is just another pawn on the chessboard of the international playmates and that the sacrifice that that boy may be called upon to make is a sacrifice that some other boy in thirty, forty, or fifty years will be going through. I can think of no greater agony for the fathers and mothers here than to think that their son was to be squandered in war and that there would be no permanent result from his sacrifice. I think that is the most tragic form of suffering, and I say quite frankly, I say it on the air, I say it to the hundreds of people in this congregation this morning, I say it deliberately, I say it without any pressure of inspired enthusiasms, I am saying it thoughtfully and carefully, I want to take this position:

If I were convinced, if I had even a suspicion in my own mind that this present war in which this nation is now engaged did not occupy such a unique place in the evolving of civilization through the ages . . . if I thought for one moment that this war was being fought merely to restore the old diplomatic tradition of balance of power in which one group of nations were seeking to place, in establishing the balance of power, smaller nations and smaller races into group formations . . . If I believed for one moment that this war was being fought on the basis to extend, preserve or maintain any nation's imperialism . . . if I thought this war was being fought in order to give back to the bankrupt international diplomats of all the nations the opportunity to sit down at a conference table and settle the final problem of world comity and world affairs in the old rut and groove of political diplomacy . . . if I thought the international munition makers who have had their fingers in the production of not only international weapons of war but have again and again evidenced their power over politicians and diplomats in the regulation of international affairs . . . I say to you my people of The Peoples Church of Chicago and to every friend I have, that, if I thought that was what we are doing now and that that would be the result of this war and that that was what brave American youths were dying for in the air, on the sea and under the sea, I should read my resignation from this pulpit this morning and I should never raise my voice, I should never spend one ounce of my energy, I should say to this nation: 'Open up the doors of Fort Leavenworth, for from now on I am at enmity with the whole war procedure of the United States of America!' That, I would do if I believed for one hour, one second, that the age in which I live and preach, and you live, was not an age in which there is coming to a definite climax these fundamental and aesthetic forces that are extant in the whole world; and if I did not believe that this hour is unique from every other hour in human history, if I did not believe that this is not the second World War . . . and I repudiate the idea of editorial writers, of radio commentators and newspaper reporters, of speakers and lecturers and preachers constantly referring to this War as World War No. 2 . . . this is not World War No. 2, and the Great War was not World War No. 1, and it is so difficult when a phrase becomes commonly accepted on the part of the people to bury that phrase, and there are speakers and leaders and commentators in the United States, everyone of whom should have more sense than to refer to this as World War No. 2. The last war and the place it will occupy in history, I think, will be known as the Great War. This war, the one we are in now is World War No. 1, this is the first World War.

Ladies and gentlemen, if I did not believe it would be the last world war I should oppose my nation in everything it was doing until I was in a concentration camp! I do not believe in numbering world wars! This *is* the World War, not No. 1, not No. 2, *THE* World War, and it will be the *last* world war. There will never be another, and it is because you and I and every decent person in the world are now enlisting as a part of history's climactic moment when we are going to decide that when the peace is constructed after this defeat, it will be not against the German people, not against the Japanese people . . . I have said it before and on this 'I am an American' Day is a good day to say it again: you will never wipe the Japanese people off the earth, and we never ought to wipe the German people or the Japanese people

off the earth. If you do attempt that, then you will be sowing seeds that in another 50 or 100 years at the outside, will blossom in the garden of earth, shooting venom and poison and you will have a second world war, if that is your idea. But, if this is expressing itself in the complete demolition and overthrow of the demonic and maniac and false, and thoroughly repudiated by every page of human history, that is, the philosophy of racial supremacy or the importance of one personality who has been destined by some strange trickster of human fate to be the supreme control and guide and mentor of all the people of this earth, then I believe in what America is fighting against! And when that victory is won, and it *will* be won, there will be a new kind of international relations growing out of the peace table and the old ambassadors, and the old type of prime ministers, and presidents, and the old political emphasis will go with victory, and from the liberated peoples of the continent of Europe there will come a new type of leadership! Holland, Denmark, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, Finland, France, Italy, Poland, Greece, everyone of these imprisoned nations will come to that peace table with authority, and it will not behoove Great Britain, the United States or Russia to sit at the table and carve out of the world's structure national boundary lines, racial boundary lines, or any other kind of a boundary line that will fit their own future as regards their own imperialisms. That is dead; it died at Pearl Harbor, it died in the Coral Sea. Never again, when the hour of victory dawns, will a group of diplomats bicker with a Hitler at Munich while the second casualty of the World War, Czecho-Slovakia's own President, cools his heels in the anteroom. That will never happen again!

This is a World War for the freedom of the peoples of the earth, and not merely a war that will give the most powerful nations control in their own dictatorial capacities; that is finished! *FREEDOM IS ON THE MARCH* from the equatorial Africa to the igloos of the north, from the islands of the sea, Iceland and Greenland, to Tahiti, from the Hawaiian Islands to the steppes of Russia, freedom is on the march in this world, and the brave men of our brave armies are not dying to put trappings of military glittering gold on the diplomats and the rulers of the earth who were fortunate in their birth, —it is a battle for freedom!

That is why on this 'I am an American' day, I will lend, I will give, I will do, I will work, I will go anywhere in this world and do anything my nation asks of me to do, for I believe *IT IS THE HOUR OF DESTINY! IT IS NOT ANOTHER WAR, IT IS THE HOUR OF DESTINY!* I sense the surging will of every enslaved heart on this earth today, the surging will that when the moment of liberation comes, and it will come, and it may come soon, sooner than any one expects . . . a most significant thing that has come out of Washington since Pearl Harbor, and the most highly indicative, for the President of the United States knows more about these world conditions and situations inside the nations than any other man in this country because of our system of espionage. We have men very close to Hitler, we have men very close to Mussolini, we have men very close to Stalin, the United States Government has the best developed system of secret service of any nation in the world, and the President of the United States is the best informed man on these conditions of any man on this earth, have no doubt about that, . . . when that hour dawns, and it may dawn quickly, and my interpretation of that is revealed in the fact that in our whole

system of production for the inevitable war now, the whole emphasis is away from losing any time in the building or constructing of new machinery and factories to anticipate 1943-1945 by the United States Government. Mr. Donald Nelson is the authority that the United States Government now is going to intensify in the next 8, 9, or 12 months, production of the actively, vitally, and immediately needed tools and instruments of war now, Now, NOW . . . THIS IS GOING TO BREAK SOON! The summer and early fall will be tremendous in their importance! It is now early evening on the continent of Europe, a short-wave broadcast which I heard just before coming into this pulpit told of a bright, beautiful day with perfect channel weather all day today and one of the greatest onslaughts that the Royal Air Force has ever made on the continent of Europe is now in progress while I am speaking to you, and the whole atmosphere is vibrant in Washington, in London, in Tokyo, in Paris, in Berlin, there is a grave expectancy, all about us all things are shaping quickly, coming to a crisis! The invasion of the continent of Europe is imminent! It will not be merely an invasion for our American armies, it will be an army of occupation as well, and when things begin to crack, as they will, you will see this whole thing come to an end almost as quickly as it started and just as surprisingly: it is an hour of destiny!

And now, on this 'I am an American' day it is not enough to merely review our patriotic past, and it is not enough to talk about the 4th of July, 1776, and the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, and it is not enough to stand in a position of a superficial complex and call it 'patriotism;' it is not enough that we talk about the four freedoms,—there are not four freedoms, there are five, six, ten, ten thousand freedoms;—it is not enough now for us to harp about 'our rights,' it is not enough; we must not permit the influx of that vicious and that most diabolical form of propaganda which is now being sent out from the Wilhelmstrasse, that the real enemy,—while Americans are being trained in schools,—at the postwar moment will be Russia; don't succumb to that propaganda; that is NOT the danger. *THE DANGER IS THAT WHEN THE HOUR OF VICTORY DAWNS AND PEACE COMES, THE LIBERATED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD, THE FREE PEOPLES OF THIS EARTH WHO ARE FREE AGAIN, MAY NOT RISE TO THE OPPORTUNITY OF CREATING AN ECONOMIC, INDUSTRIAL, SCIENTIFIC WORLD PEACE RATHER THAN PERMIT THE PEACE TO BE MADE BY POLITICIANS AND IMPERIALISTIC DIPLOMATS!* Let the peace, when it comes, be made by the men and women of the earth who have paid the price, who have sacrificed, who have shed their blood! Let each have a part in the making of that peace! Let the finest and best representatives of every nation of the world have their part! Let it be the flowering of the dreams and the hopes of enslaved peoples, and while the demi-gods, the Hitlers and the Mussolinis pound their brains out against the padded cells and realize that their dream of racial supremacy, of cruelty, the shooting of innocent men, women and children, the reign of terror, cannot force loyalty; that you cannot make an American with a policeman's club, or a jail, or a prison cell, and you cannot make a patriot with a firing squad, the world must rebuild itself on the fundamental, aesthetic principles that human life is valuable and beautiful; and when that day dawns the bluebirds will sing over the white cliffs of Dover and it will be

'Tuliptime' in Holland again , and Charles University at Praha will swing wide its portals and the youths of Czecho-Slovakia will enter it once more, and Denmark shall have its cheese, and together with its fine cattle will nourish once more its starving children. Norway will swing open the concentration camp of the great Bishop and he shall stand again in his great church, and again the Norwegians of this city and this nation are commemorating their Independence day! The spirit of freedom is not dead, it is alive in human hearts and one can be no better American than by helping every human heart of every race and creed and color on the face of this God's earth to be free again.

I AM FREE AS AN AMERICAN ONLY BECAUSE I AM WILLING TO DIE AS AN AMERICAN THAT FREEDOM MAY NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH!"

MEETING OUR BIRDS IN MEXICO

***by* Grace Thayer Bradley**

WHEN WE were in Mexico last April we stopped for a few days at a very pleasant and artistic hotel called "Rancho Velmo," situated on the edge of the fascinating, ancient little town of Taxco. As in most Spanish styled buildings, there was a cobblestoned courtyard, surrounded on three sides by the hotel. In the center was a stone basin with a fountain, and here in the mornings an old gray-haired Spanish porter would bring the most brilliantly colored parrot and place its hoop-perch on the edge of the basin. Seating himself there also, he talked in a low, coaxing voice, and whistled tunes softly to the parrot—till presently that parrot would sing!!! I had never heard one sing before—but this one really did —and to us it seemed too funny to hear it speak Spanish! It would not sing for anyone but the kindly and quite picturesque porter.

There were oleanders with their rose-like blooms, begonias with large leaves —rose-colored on the underside and drooping sprays of coral-red blossoms; and fuchsias, all like small trees growing in green tubs in the courtyard. And there were terraces with beautiful flowers, and beyond the terraces flowering shrubs and trees—Bougainvillea, hibiscus, roses and lilies, both calla and Madonna, in great quantities.

Just inside the courtyard, beside the arched entrance, there was a Bougainvillea tree covered with gorgeous bloom (you do not often see Bougainvilleas in tree form—they are usually heavy vines, draped over walls)—and to this tree for a few hours every day a small young burro was tethered—a cute, silly little animal, petted and fed loaf-sugar by the guests (no rationing there).

While we were at dinner on the terrace one evening, Dr. Bradley called my attention to a little humming bird hovering over the flowers, and we immediately decided it was one of *our* humming birds that spends every summer with us at Black Duck Island, and that we watch from our porch as it sips

honey nectar from flowers in my garden. Humming birds, you know, winter in Central America, and we said this one no doubt was on its way North, by way of Mexico! Then a few days later I called Dr. Bradley to see a number of little yellow warblers in a tree beside our window, obviously in migration. "They too," said we, "are our little warblers on their way to Black Duck Island!" And we felt happy to have seen them.

Yesterday a tiny jewel-like humming bird, irridescent green, with ruby throat, hovered over a pale yellow columbine in my garden. "Greetings!" said I. "So, you are home again!" The yellow warblers reached here the day before I did, and I had the pleasure of watching them build their nest, so carefully and well that it took a week —in the same location in the lilac bush where they have built for two summers. Mr. Warbler brings her food, so she need not leave the nest for more than a minute to stretch her wings—but any day now we will hear them singing joyfully and both of them will be kept busy bringing food to five little mouths —always open for more!

You may not believe these were the birds we met in Mexico, and I grant you the right to your opinion—and—I have mine! Seeing them there on the terrace will remain one of the whimsical memories I hold of Taxco.

Taxco long ranked as Mexico's most picturesque village; perched precariously on the mountainside, its little red-tiled houses climb up and down the mountain, cobble-stoned streets twisting between them—most too narrow to be called streets—a cloudless cobalt blue sky above, and air soft and warm, sweet scented by many flowers. The twin-towered cathedral with gold dome and gold altars fills one side of the village square, its chimes calling to mass several times a day, women with shawls over their heads, men and children seen going in at all times to their devotions. In the center of the square young people gather in the evenings, to dance to the music of guitar and zither, under giant spreading laurel trees hundreds of years old.

Little burros, heavily laden with hay or lumber or water jugs, trot along the streets, their hoofs clicking on the cobble stones with much more animation than the drowsy, swarthy-skinned men, wearing baggy white suits and enormous sombreros, lagging slowly behind!

The narrow streets are lined with shops, mostly displaying silver jewelry and trinkets, and many with decorative articles made of tin—for these two arts the place is famous. The art is taught from father to sons and is carried on for generations.

Yes—in Taxco life goes on just as it has for centuries—and you hope it always may—if you've ever been there.

G. T. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I THINK I may have said before that the Radio Mail Bag brings letters from people in all walks of life. Some of them so reveal the character of the writer that one feels one knows them personally, after reading their letters.

All kind letters are appreciated to the utmost, but it is especially encouraging to Dr. Bradley when he hears from people who by the nature of their work and position in life are highly developed mentally and spiritually, and who have had vast experience with people. When they write that they enjoy listening regularly to his broadcasts, he feels inspired and enheartened. Wouldn't it be a privilege to know a man of such character as this Judge of the District Court of Iowa, who wrote the following letter from Vinton, Iowa?

"My wife and I listen regularly to your splendid radio addresses, touching as they do, almost every phase of human activity. We enjoy them all immensely. You are rendering a wonderful service to our country.

"Having served on the District Court Bench in this state for some years, until compelled on account of ill health to resign last October, I of course came in contact with the criminal element (I prefer to put it—'the law violating element'). So naturally, your radio talk about ten days ago on that subject, appealed to me. On account of the nature of my illness (heart trouble), together with my somewhat advanced years, I cannot hope to get back again into my former court work; but I will continue my interest in the boys and young men who, from one cause or another, become involved in the juvenile and criminal courts.

"I never sent a boy in his 'teens to prison for his first offense if, upon investigation, I found in his background something upon which to build with the hope that he might be gotten back on the right track and become a law-abiding and useful member of society. If there was any hope for reformation I always gave the first offender a chance, except in grave cases; and in the case of the boy in his 'teens, if I was able to inspire in him a saving habit, I found it to be a real saving grace.

"But my purpose in writing you is not alone to express my appreciation of your fine talks and philosophy of life, but to ask you for a copy of your address of a few evenings ago on 'Crime.' I will gladly pay for same."

* * * * *

In giving the letters from our Mail Bag to our readers to enjoy, we do not publish the names of the writers for various reasons, but because I feel that Dr. Bradley merits the appreciation of a fellow minister, a great preacher who for twenty-one years has filled the noted pulpit of the First Methodist Church of Chicago, I am going to give his name—the Reverend John Thompson. Humbly, and with the deepest respect for him, I quote the following: "My dear Dr. Bradley:

"(I nearly said Preston)—for I think of you as one of my most inspir-

ing friends. On this almost my one free Sunday since retiring from the Temple pulpit, after 21 years there, I did not think of any church, but just to tune in on you.

"Now, from the deeps of my soul I want to thank you for your *great great* message. You thrilled me and inspired and widened my outlook, and while I always loved and admired you—I love and admire you more than ever, far beyond any words at my command to adequately express.

"You are among the greatest inspiring forces for a finer Americanism and for large and noble living. Whenever I get another really free Sunday I will do more than tune in. I will come in and see and hear you.

"I have always cherished a high regard for you—but it is higher than ever now.

"I moved out from the city and built a home in Glen Ellyn—beautiful Glen Ellyn—but I may have to move into the city again—the calls are so frequent and I do not get used to the distance in traveling from Glen Ellyn to Chicago and across the city to my speaking points.

"Sometime when I have a free Sunday I will come in to hear you. The last time I heard you was in an address at Wheaton High School graduation—I gave the address the year after—what a drop for the Wheatonians.

"Best benedictions on you and may your bow abide in strength.

"Very sincerely,

"John Thompson."

* * * * *

It is nice to hear from people who heard Dr. Bradley speak years ago, and who still recall the address happily. It's like meeting old friends. Here is one from an osteopathic physician in Grand Rapids:

"Your broadcast is always one of the bright spots of my life and I listen in whenever possible. We are given so much of the distressing war news that to have something constructive and heartening helps materially. Also your voice and diction are so pleasing to the ear. May God grant you many years of service to needy humanity.

"In 1924 you delivered the commencement address for the Chicago College of Osteopathy, of which I was a member. I do not remember so much the things you said, but something of the personality and earnestness of the speaker has remained with me through the years. Therefore, when your voice comes into my home from over the ether, the message is of personal interest. This is my first fan letter."

* * * * *

And now another, also from Michigan—East Lansing:

"Many years ago you spoke to us on the Lecture Course in Scotville, Mason County, Michigan, and I have never forgotten you. My son's wife, ill now for three years, and my son also are thankful for the Sunday morning broadcast.

"If you have printed or mimeographed copies of your Sunday morning sermons I shall be glad to know how one may secure them.

"With many thanks for past favors, I remain."

* * * * *

A lovely letter from a lovely lady (one only needs to read her letter to be certain of that!) comes from Milwaukee:

"Many thanks for reminding this little gray-haired Great-Grandmother that she should no longer put off writing to you, and telling you how very much she enjoys your talks over the radio. I have intended to do this for months, but each time put it off, until you said, 'if it was to find fault over something you had said, you would receive many letters.' Perhaps not just

those words, but meaning the same, and you were right.

"I really enjoy your talks, and always find something helpful and inspiring in them. God bless you.

"I always said, an unexpressed friendship does not mean much. And so in your case, unless I tell you how much I enjoy your worthwhile talks, what I think won't reveal itself to you.

"Just a few words, but sincere and from the heart.

"Many thanks,
"Sincerely a radio Friend."

* * * * *

Two short notes, both from Wisconsin, are very kind indeed! This from Delavan:

"I want to express my appreciation to you, Dr. Bradley, for your broadcasts. Many others in this vicinity listen regularly and are helped and stimulated as I am. Your talks are a great factor in keeping our aims high and our courage steadfast."

And this one from Neenah:

"Allow me to thank you for the beautiful and significant talk you just gave over the radio. We listeners do appreciate your great work and also know the effort you must put forth every day."

* * * * *

Time to close the Mail Bag. I hope all our radio friends will have at least a little sojourn of rest and outdoor play during the summer. But—don't forget to write! Listen-in on Sundays at 11:00 a.m. over WJJD.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

ON THE HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold Hanson
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
William V. Myers
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

NO MATTER what the reasons are, the truth is, there are many who turn to seek the inspiration and strength of religion only in their hours of defeat and trouble. This is one of the most general observations and one which every reader has experienced. I have known it to happen thousands of times in the work and life of the church. Almost every day there are people who come to the church office in trouble, and difficulty, whom we have never seen nor heard of before. Sometimes their attitude is almost demanding. They take the position that we are a church, I am a minister, and it is our duty to help them. Understanding as I do this characteristic of human nature, we always try to do what we are able.

The point I am making is not that people in trouble should not go to a church or to a minister, but if there was some way in which the church and the minister could get to the people with the truth of the need for spiritual understanding, the trouble might never have happened. It is a question of prevention rather than cure. We never see them until they need the cure. The wise person is the person who accepts the truth of religion, not as a haven or a harbor of safety, where the problems and tragedies of life will miss them entirely.

Most people think of religion as an air-raid shelter; something to hide in. To me it is not that at all. I think of religion as a creative force, capable, when properly understood and practiced, of maintaining the strength necessary to meet the problems and difficulties of life. We cannot develop the right kind of character if we always seek to avoid the unpleasant and the challenging. The effective prayer is not praying to miss the burden and the tragedy of life, but for strength to endure, surmount, overcome and conquer the problems of life. That religion has this power there is no denying; that it can be used as a fortification cannot be denied; but that religion should be a convenience in which people should seek protection and shelter is an ignoble conception of religion.

It is axiomatic to say that in times

of stress and strain there are evidences of a spiritual awakening. The truth of this is apparent in every country and among all peoples of the world at this moment. That evidence is based upon the fact that when the appalling and ghastly practice of modern warfare becomes necessary, the attention of the people is focused upon human life, and a true conception of religion reveals the value of the human personality. It is in such an hour that man realizes the impotency of mere physical prowess or militaristic strength to maintain his sense of values and his spiritual proportions. This has the effect immediately of the people again thinking of those values which, from the pulpit of every church has been expounded down through the centuries, even though there have been times when the church itself gave evidence that it had lost the way. Even so, I do not know of any church, Catholic, or Protestant, or Jewish, which has for its main emphasis anything which could be characterized as evil.

The church has stood for the good in man and the worth of man and the dignity of man and the potentiality of man and everything which reveals the quality and character of human life. Eliminating any theological attitudes, the values are there. It is these values that stand out again in sharp relief in times when the whole fabric of civilization seems rocked to its very foundations. Man will learn some day that these attacks against his own integrity and his own character may only be met adequately and completely when his spiritual foundations are so deep that nothing can shake them. I think those foundations are being strengthened and deepened in this hour.

From the best reports which I have available. there are authentic evidences that among all nations there is taking place a spiritual re-birth. In Norway, the old cleavage between conservatives and liberals in religion is being eliminated and a common front against the enemy of true religion and worship is coming into being, while the intensified national sentiment for liberation in Denmark is fostered and encouraged by the religious leaders of every kind and point of view.

In Finland there are indications that efforts are being made to restore the condition of church polity and worship which obtained before the war, and efforts are being made to establish important contacts with the Scandinavian churches.

In Switzerland a body of Christian laymen have sent an open letter to the church federation inquiring what the churches are doing in preparing spiritual resistance against the imminent incursion of foreign ideologies; while, in the last few days we have had most interesting news of the position which the churchmen and religious leaders of Germany, particularly those of the Roman Catholic church, have taken. The action in Germany was more open than anything which has taken place in opposition to Hitler since he came to power. Religionists in Germany seem prepared to undergo martyrdom in order to defend the principle of freedom of worship.

In Holland, which is predominantly a Protestant nation, and which has always stood for freedom in religion, there is almost the identical position being taken as in Germany.

The situation in France is more difficult to determine, but there is a tendency among the leaders to turn to the foundations of faith upon which to build their future republic when the opportunity comes. While, of all nations, the most conspicuous example of these tendencies is to be found in China, the result unquestionably of the character of Chiang Kai-shek and his

remarkable wife. We are told that even in the occupied areas of China today the churches have maintained their integrity and identity.

In other nations, where the environment is very much different, like Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Iceland, England and the United States itself, the evidence is unobscured and unimpeachable. The world is approaching a spiritual renaissance. It is not to be a revival of the old denominational and theological emphasis, but people of different faiths and creeds, who have once united in a common front against a common enemy, see the virtues of each other, and are prepared more adequately to emphasize for the future the essentials and not the non-essentials.

The old, historical cleavage is gone, never to be revived, I hope. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, together with a conception of ethical values, constitute the real imperatives for the new day in religion. The other theological distinctions which Emerson called "the mumps and measles of the soul," will never be as motivating or powerful as they have been in the past.

In our own nation, this spiritual renaissance has, up until this moment, very little of the more spectacular aspects seen in other countries of the world.

There is a reason for this, too, for we have been least disturbed so far of any nation in the world conflict; but there is evidence among us that we, too, are deepening our spiritual life. This process does not depend upon an increase in church attendance, or converts, or any of the other aspects which are frequently recognized as spiritual progress.

The development of the spiritual consciousness is not confined to such externals, but in the voice and written attitude of men and women in every area of our life, there is an overtone to their utterances which reveals spiritual perceptions which, in the more halcyon days of our prosperity were lacking. The emphasis is being placed once more on the same attitude which characterized the main theme of the life of the great teacher, when he incorporated the whole truth in his imperishable words: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

P. B.

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Not yesterday, nor days to come,
But in the present find some
Reason for a song to lift
And thanks for every gift
To give.

BOOK CHATS

IT IS too early for me to write of the reading which I am able to do during the summer. You will be reading these words in early July, but as I write them church has not yet closed, and I am in the midst of the busiest days I have ever known, but I have already on my book shelf, several volumes which are going with me wherever I go, and whatever I do, this summer, and which I hope to read before church opens in September.

One of the things which everyone who loves books ought to do, it seems to me, is to keep their reading as diversified as possible, and not confine themselves only to one type of literature. Of course at the moment, books against the sounding board of world affairs predominate, but there are other very significant books which should be read, and which were not written with the war as a background.

* * *

One of the books to which I am looking forward as much as any other is written by one of my favorite authors —Donald Culross Peattie. I don't think I have missed a line which he has written. You remember some of them: —"An Almanac For Moderns" —"Singing in the Wilderness"—"A Book of Hours"—"Flowering Earth" —and many others. He belongs in the same category as Gilbert White, Thoreau, John Burroughs, W. H. Hudson, Richard Jeffries and John Muir.

His new book is entitled "Forward the Nation." The title implies that it may have to do with our present situation. This is not so, for he tells the story of the Lewis and Clark expedition. We have a better appreciation of our country when we know its history. Ever since Mr. Peattie returned from Europe he has been at work on a rediscovery of our American heritage. For eight years, he tells us, he has been promising himself to write this book. For it he has gone to the original sources, and has combed the whole range of collateral literature, with a scientist's accuracy, and a poet's ardor, and he has followed the trail exactly, taking the journals to guide him through those regions of the northwest that today wear the same face of wilderness grandeur which greeted Lewis and Clark. "I have had to invent nothing," says Mr. Peattie. "It is all there. The blazing facts of history as history records them; my characters, as study reveals them; every incident of the adventure; every leaf, and bird and stream, as Lewis and Clark carefully noted them by the light of lonely camp fires." I am not sure, but I think the very next book I read will be this book.

* * *

There has just come to my desk a book which will not be published until August 28th, but one which I think, as the Fall comes on, you will hear a great deal about. It is entitled "Thinking For Every Man," by A. Gordon Melvin, and published by the John Day Company. Dr. Melvin, the author, is a recognized authority in the field of education and psychology. Like James Harvey Robinson, the author of "Mind in the Making," and other notables before and since, Professor Melvin now offers to the average person the sum of his personalized knowledge and experience, applied to the

general problems of us all and of the world.

He is a naturalized American of Canadian birth, and was graduated from Dalhousie University with an M.A. and holds a Ph.D. degree from Columbia. He was a Warrant Officer in the Canadian Navy during the World War, and later taught at the China Central Teachers College in Wuchang. In more recent years he has been a Professor of Education at the College of the City of New York.

The discriminating reader is inclined to shy, and justly so, away from much of the effort to popularize the more scientific and fundamental problems in the field of psychology and philosophy and history, and yet some authoritative voices have written for the so-called man-on-the-street, whoever he might happen to be. There are many examples of this in the works of Professor Overstreet, Professor Robinson, Will Durant and many others.

I know this book will be an important book, and that ought not to prevent its being a justly popular book. The author's position is unimpeachable in his field, and we are told he never talks down to his readers. He has not compromised with meaning, and the popular quality of the writing is entirely due to the live nature of the style. The publishers inform us that the book gives a revelation of the possibilities of human thinking for individuals and the race. The mood is one of encouragement and inspiration and provides new hope in a world too much occupied with its own collapse. We need an increasing attitude of confidence and assurance in the future of our civilization, but we need that confidence to be based upon authentic reasons and not merely on superficial hopes or effervescent wishes. This is another book that goes with me for the summer.

* * *

My Book Chats this month seems to be occupied with speaking of books which I have not yet read, but there is always a pleasantness to anticipation, and I thought some of my readers might be interested in the books which I plan to read, and later I may speak about my personal opinion of the books; something, of course, which I cannot give until after I have read them.

For my Book Review Lectures during the winter I never choose a book which does not have direct and personal appeal to myself. The book must speak to me before I attempt to review it. It is impossible for me to talk enthusiastically about a book when the book falls short of awakening within me an exuberance of interest, and so I am going to read "You Can't Be Too Careful," the new novel by Mr. H. G. Wells, with my tongue in my cheek. I am writing these words on the 11th of June, and the book is to be published on the 19th of June.

Mr. Wells has not always appealed to me, but the writing which he has done which had the most appeal was when he wrote under the influences of the last great war. You will recall his "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through," and some of his other books which were efforts to interpret the significance of that age. He is one of the most prolific of our writers in English, and of course has not confined himself to one form of literary medium. But with this book, as The Times Literary Supplement of London says, he boldly and literally has got his own back. He has been reproached with having lost his way as a novelist, and having wandered off into the dark night of ideas of popularization of semi-science, and apparently with the new book, he returns to the art of story-telling, in which field he is one of the greatest in English literature.

The Times, in speaking of the book, says that it is a novel about people, and people who are very real in the sense that Mr. Polly was real, that Dickens' characters are real. It contains some deliciously comic little sketches of character, a few gems of comic incident, a little extravagant fun, and much honest and searching wisdom about sex, marriage, parents and children, and the intimacies of human existence generally, and all this in addition to the universal significance of Edward Albert Tewler. Edward Albert is Mr. Wells' hero and the title of the novel is the reflection of Edward's attitude toward life.

Predictions are hazardous, but from what I know about a book which I have not yet read, I am reasonably certain that you may hear this book reviewed by me in one of the early book lectures in the Fall. I note with interest that he has dedicated the book "To My Friend, Christopher Morley," who has one of the most inexhaustible minds and the richest personalities in our whole field of contemporary letters.

* * *

It is a source of great satisfaction to me to know that our jeopardized "Poetry" Magazine, which was on the very verge of suspended publication because of lack of funds and support, has been saved. It would have been an irreparable tragedy had "Poetry" gone out of existence. When the people interested in American literature found out the real situation, "Save 'Poetry' Committees" were organized in many places, and they went to work. The Chicago Committee worked valiantly and successfuly, while the attention of the whole nation was focused upon the magazine, in an appearance which Archibald MacLeish made in Washington at a Benefit Lecture before one of the most distinguished groups of literary people ever assembled in our capital.

It was a severe disappointment to me that I could not accept the invitation which was extended me to be present. "Poetry" Magazine has had a long and important history. Its founder and editor, Harriet Monroe, is the name which leads all the others as one who recognized the genius of most of our important poetic voices today. She published their works, when their names carried no weight and were unknown. It is names like Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay and a score more, which first occurred in "Poetry" Magazine.

I worked with Harriet Monroe for several years in the Chicago Foundation For Literature. It was she who always was the deciding voice as to whom should be given the poetry award. Harriet Monroe was in her own right a major voice of song, and from the poets' Elysium there comes the deep happiness of her heart that the magazine which she loved and for which she worked, is to be kept a potent voice in the field of American literature, which it has been from the beginning.

The magazine is now ably edited by the poet George Dillon, is published here in Chicago, and if you have never seen it and if you have never read it, you have missed one of the great delights and opportunities to be found in our language.

* * *

I hope that you will find time during these summer days, to follow Whitman's sound advice, and no more needed than now:—to loaf awhile and invite your soul.

P. B.

THE CRISIS

In one of the many great crises which the western world has had to face in these past three centuries, there arose one of the greatest political and democratic philosophers which this part of the world has ever produced, but who has been tragically neglected, much to the disadvantage of democratic thinking and democratic achievement. He was neglected by the historians, particularly those who wrote school histories because of the adventuresome quality of his thinking. His name was Thomas Paine and he was not an atheist.

Thomas Paine has been neglected all these years, until the lack of knowledge of what he stood for and what he said, is a sad comment upon our lack of appreciation of the fundamental difficulties which are involved in the projection and perpetuity of democracy. I wish in these very critical days, days which know no pattern in human history, in the midst of all of our contemporary and justified vital interest in what is happening and going to happen, we could find a place for a basic study of our own foundations. I believe with all my heart that in moments of great distress, fortification and a renewal of faith and confidence can only come from a basic and thorough understanding of the foundation upon which we have built this republic and this democracy of ours. It is well for us to reconsider again and again the quality of its foundations and its depth. It is well for us to know the enduring strength of the foundation upon which we have built. It is well for us to know how deep down the pillars of this republic go in the soil of our dreams and our hopes. It is well for us to keep ever in our vision and in our hearts the indestructible character of this republic; and it is well for us to realize that none of us, be he great or small, rich or poor, but what has a distinct contribution to make in this hour.

All of us have been so busy; we have been so anxious; we have been so concerned these past two decades about other matters than matters which now must occupy our attention. The first ten years after the last war in the post-war period, we all experienced a false prosperity. None of us were giving very much thought to how deep down we were building the foundations. It was a period of enjoyment of our materialistic achievement. We were anxious about *things;* something called comfort; something called prosperity; something called security, during those first ten years. Few of us escaped that, and then one day a flash of lightning struck out of a clear sky on that black November day of 1929, and the whole thing crashed, and for the past decade we have been in something called a depression. These two conflicting and contrasting decades which you and I have lived through are now over. The two extremes which they represent are now finished.

There is only one task before the American people now. Everything else is superseded and replaced. Never in all history were the peoples of this earth, who believe in freedom, so synchronized into one form of action as they are at this moment. Every acre of this earth's surface, every sea and river and lake and the sky above us all are now the battle fields upon which only one issue is at stake: the preservation of the right of man to be a free, living, creative human being, or the slave and serf of maniacal men, who believe that the state and themselves were divinely chosen to rule and tyrannize over their fellow men.

I am thinking of the first words of a

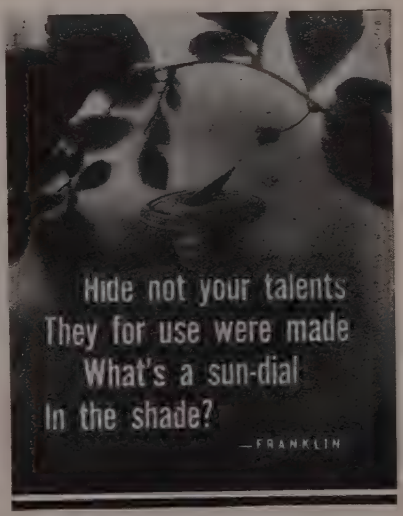
book written in January, 1776, before the July of 1776 in which the Declaration of Independence was first announced to the world. Mr. Thomas Paine wrote a book which he called "The Crisis." Have you read it? Irrespective of your religious philosophy, or loyalty, or your political beliefs, here you will find nothing to disturb any religious truth which you might accept, for it deals entirely and exclusively with the problems of government and democracy. The first sentence of that book well might be placed where we could all see it these days, for they are the familiar words, "These are the times that try men's souls." My soul is being tried these days and your soul is being tried. Never in all of these 30 years in which I have lived, and spoken, and worked in Chicago have I experienced anything quite like it, and I am sure every minister, every priest, every rabbi, every editorial writer, every commentator, every individual who has the tremendous and unprecedented responsibility of creating and stimulating and projecting public opinion understands how I feel. The turmoil, the anxiety, the heartache and all which war means, we will know again; but we shall go through and we shall not only win the war, but we shall win the peace. We have learned much, and while the last World War was called "a world war," it was not really a world war. This is the World War,—the first one of human history; and against all the mistakes we have made in the past, when the opportunity comes to build a world of peace again, we will not fail. We shall build now so solidly, so firmly, so securely, that our children's children and their children shall look back upon this era, and because of our blood and sweat and tears they shall be able to say: "The blessings which we have, we now enjoy because of what they did."

P. B.

Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and neighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.



Dr. Bradley's Engagements for the Month

From May 16th to June 15th

MAY

16—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Grant Park. Victory Youth Rally
Address. Logan Square Auditorium. Norwegian Independence Day

23—Address. State Convention. Pi Omicrom Sorority. Edgewater Beach Hotel

24—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Columbia Post Monument. Forest Home Cemetery
Address. Forest Park, Ill. Amer. Legion

25—Address. Commencement. Bridgeman, Michigan

26—Address. Sherman Hotel. State Convention. Lions Clubs of Illinois
Address. Commencement. Hartford, Michigan

27—Address. Commencement. Onarga, Illinois

28—Address. Commencement. Canton, Illinois

29—Address. Commencement. Charleston, Illinois. Eastern Ill. State Teachers College

30—Address. Memorial Day Service. Marseilles, Ill.

31—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Harvard Congregational Church
Address. Hamilton Hotel. Walt Whitman Society of Am. 37th Annual Celebration

JUNE

1—Address. Commencement. Neenah, Wis., High School

2—Commencement. Waterloo, Wis., High School

3—Address. Rotary Club. South Bend, Indiana
Address. High School Commencement. Mishawaka, Ind.

4—Address. Commencement. Troy, Ohio, High School

6—Recordings at WJJD

7—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Danish National Picnic. Park Ridge, Ill.

8—Recordings at WJJD
Public Library Board Meeting

9—Recordings at WJJD
Peoples Church Trustees' Meeting

10—Address. Edgewater B'nai Brith. Peoples Church Building

11—Address. Wisconsin-Upper Michigan Fuel Dealers' Assoc. Schroeder Hotel, Milw., Wis.
Radio Conference

12—Address. Founders Dinner. The Castle—Longwood Drive. Beverly Hills Unitarian Church

14—Address. Church School. Peoples Church. Channing Hall
Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Centennial Celebration. First Unitarian Society. Geneva, Ill.
Address. Royal League. Grand Ballroom. Hotel Sherman

15—Address. Natl. Retail Tea and Coffee Merchants Assoc. Convention. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Funerals

JUNE

2—Josephine Sanders (Funeral service by V. K. Bose)
5—Mrs. Hattie E. Griggs
6—Joseph Greeneltch
9—Cora Webster Marshall
10—Mrs. Charles Hurd
12—Lois V. James
Harry John Huebner
13—Elsie Clark
15—George M. Fairgrieve (Memorial Service)

Weddings

May

16—Leonard S. Jacobs and Cecil M. Hill
Anthony Stotz and Pauline Radman
Dan E. Penick and Mrs. Tallman Schiffmann

25—LeRoy Dare and Alverna Brinkley

30—David Donald Dunbar and Mable B. Brantman
Henry Martinson and Helen Harrison

31—Lee Washer and Iona Johnson

JUNE

6—Orman I. Lewis and Reta Parker
Henry Olson and Ellen Jacobson
Charles W. Laubinger and Gertrude Annesser
Robert J. Ernst and Peggy McLaughlin

12—Howard T. Childs and Yvonne Jean Felber
Norman K. Diedrich and G. Doris Williams
Herbert E. Harrald and Mathilda Brown

13—Whiliam Horn and Mrs. Anna Wahlstrom

Christenings

MAY

17—Penelope Lee Arnold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Arnold

24—Nancy Lucille Grewe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Grewe
Barbara Joanne Parelius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Parelius
Roger Parelius, son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Parelius

31—Hugh Carlton Garver III, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Carlton Garver, Jr.

JUNE

7—Walter Novak, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Novak

14—Colin Campbell Rorrie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rolin Rorrie
Otto Calvin Gartner, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gartner
Mrs. Gertrude Annesser Laubinger
Roann Reed Badgley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Badgley
Wade Brooks Huddle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Huddle

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Sunday, May 3rd, 1942:

Mrs. Rhea S. Coleman
Miss Doris Conradi
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Flaig
Miss Anna Hagedorn
Mrs. Helen C. Hasse
Miss Virginia Johnson
Mrs. Jess Lopez
Mrs. Virginia Luecke
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moran
Miss Barbara Murphy
Miss Dolores Murphy
Mr. and Mrs. Emil Rasmussen
Mrs. Lillian Seaman
Mr. Walter S. Sexton
Mrs. Anna Zoller
Mr. Henry Zoller

Sunday, June 14th, 1942:

Mrs. Ruby M. Garcia
Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Mayer
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McCloy
Mr. Charles H. Monson
Miss Gertrude Nelson
Miss Frances Noumberg
Miss Betty Jean Symons
Mr. and Mrs. George Hagen
Mr. Lawrence A. Hobbs
Mr. Wm. Nyland

Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE..... .....11:00 o'clock
Radio address by transcription from WJJD
(Sunday morning services resumed in church Sept. 20th)

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall
(Services resumed Sept. 20th)

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C
(Services resumed September 20th)

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....
.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB (to be resumed in Fall).....Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....Church Auditorium
(Resumed September 17th)

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH GUILD.....
.....4872 Sheridan Road—Open daily 9:00 to 5:00, except Sunday
(November through April) (Saturday closes at noon)

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Meets every second Monday, October through April
Notice of all summer events will be mailed members.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Meets every second and fourth Monday, October through April.
Notice of summer events will be mailed members or 'phone Miss Grace Marsh, Lon. 1256.

MEN'S CLUB.....Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.
Meets every fourth Monday, October through May

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday, October through June

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—Meets every First and Third Tuesday, October through June
Notice of summer events will be mailed members

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, October through May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m. Plays discontinued until the Fall Season.
Plays: Five plays to be given 1942-43 Season at the Civic Theater, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd. Subscriptions now available for Fall Season—$4; $3; $2.50.
Studio—410 South Michigan Ave.,—Webster 2123

JUNIOR THEATER OF UPTOWN PLAYERS....Lenore Brown, Director
.....Plays announced from time to time

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.
Student Assistant
V. K. Bose, Meadville School—Dor. 0104

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W. B. Haslet, Business Manager
410 S. Michigan Ave. — Webster 2123
Mary Thurlow, Secretary-Treasurer
1447 N. Dearborn St. — Superior 1570

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Phone—Berwyn 6475
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